

YESTERDAY'S CHAPTERS.

Unable to contact Sara before leaving London, Andy sends her a note. When he reaches home, Mr Haygood breaks the news that they must leave Holly Park. Andy, although shocked by this news, cannot help thinking of Sara—will he still be able to marry her?

ANDY woke up suddenly to the fact that dinner was over, and they were going to have coffee—in Mrs Rowan's sitting-room.

"Did you and Andy come to any decision, Mr Haygood? Surely we can fight!" she asked as they settled down.

She had said that a dozen times already. Patiently, as he had done a dozen times before, Mr Haygood answered.

"If there were any loopholes, Mrs Rowan, I'd advise fighting. But, believe me, I went into the whole thing very carefully."

"Something about the money during dinner?" Andy asked suddenly. "You know Wood End, Haygood? That farm I bought the other day to round the estate off? We didn't pay for that out of trust funds, did we?"

The old solicitor looked up with a flicker of interest.

"No," he said. "No we didn't. You used some of your aunt's legacy."

"Then it's my own property, isn't it?" "Certainly," Mr Haygood agreed.

Andy leaned back in his chair, satisfied. "I will ring her up presently, he thought. After all, it's not Holly Park, but it's a home. I don't believe she'd mind so terribly much."

His mother's voice moaned on— "I still can't believe it!" she was saying pathetically.

"We're not to give up our lovely home to this dreadful girl."

"She may not be dreadful," Ruth said quietly. "Have you seen her yet, Mr Haygood?"

"Yes, I have. She came down to see me. I dare say you've heard of her. It appears," Mr Haygood coughed, "that—your cousin—is something of a celebrity."

"A celebrity?" Mr Haygood nodded.

"A singer-of sorts. Most people seem to have heard of her. Her professional name is Sara Moon."

In the moment of silence that followed Ruth gave a little gasp, and her eyes were uncontrollably to Andy's face.

It might have been carved in stone.

Sara Doesn't Give In

"WELL," Gregory asked cheerfully, when Sara arrived at the Ivory Tower. "did you have a good time last night?"

He didn't turn his head as he spoke; he was busily hunting through a pile of music. A moment later his sensitive instincts warned him that someone he'd blundered badly. He straightened up.

"Sara, my dear, what's wrong?" The hands that he took into his own were cold. But Sara smiled.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "My young man let me down. That's all."

Andy is thinking up something special for Sara—until...

STEPS IN

by Susan Inglis

"Let you down? What do you mean?" Her long lashes flickered.

"Just didn't turn up."

"He sent you no message?"

"Not a word. Bessie suggested that there might have been an accident. So I rang the hotel."

"Well?"

"He and Ruth had gone. Quite early that afternoon."

"Her voice was very enough. She'd spent the day trying to force herself back into the groove out of which Andy's appearance had jerked her. She'd succeeded—almost. Anyone who didn't know her as well as Greg did would have been deceived. Now she found herself looking away quickly from the kindness, the concern, in his dark eyes."

"And I had this—this morning," she said.

She had brought Mr Haygood's letter with her. Now she gave it into Gregory's hands and watched Greg look it over and read the lines on his face deepening. My poor Sara! he thought.

"Well, it looks as if he knows now!" he said.

Sara's head went up.

"Even if he does, don't you think he should have let me know? He knew I'd be ready, waiting—"

Greg had always admired her courage, but now—those steady eyes, the mouth set in a firm line, the calmness of her voice—He was suddenly angry, furiously angry, with Andy Rowan because he had hurt Sara so desperately, and there was nothing that he, Greg, could do about it. He said harshly, "The man never came."

"Of course," Sara said carefully. "If he heard, I expect he'd be very angry with me. But he might at least have got someone at the hotel to ring me up, to give me a message. It wasn't very nice of him, was it, Greg, just to leave me like that?"

"Nice? It was childish, mannerless, cruel! But it wouldn't help Sara saying any of that."

"Not at all nice!" Greg said dryly. And then he winked at her. "Childish, mannerless, cruel—those words—just didn't fit in with what he had seen of Andy Rowan, and he was a good judge of men. Bewildered staid his anger."

"There's probably an explanation of some sort," he said, forcing himself to be temperate.

Sara flashed him a glance of involuntary gratitude.

"Perhaps there is," she agreed soberly. "We'll see."

But Greg didn't see. Days passed, and there was still no word from Andy Rowan. Every night, when Sara came into the Ivory

Tower, Greg's wise eyes would fly to her face, and every night it was the same. If there were shadows under her eyes, she hid them with make-up, and if her smile came from the lips only, it was still a smile. She came and she smiled and she sang, and her audience, seen and unseen, loved her as much as ever.

Only one thing she wouldn't sing. The number she had tried to practise in the flat the night that Andy didn't turn up, the number called "What Have You Done With My Heart?"

She found another new number instead, with a gay, provocative little tune. It got itself sung and whistled from one end of the country to the other within two days of its first broadcast. Her pretty, husky voice continued to fascinate the Crosby fans, because it reminded them of Bing, and she sang every word as clearly as he did. And

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Neither by word nor look had she made any reference to Andy's peculiar conduct.

There had been no expressions of sympathy or concern. But she had been even a little more solicitous than usual for her Miss Sara's comfort, and excited herself to provide meals that should tempt Sara's appetite, with any comment whatever on its sudden decline. And Sara told herself for the thousandth time how lucky she was to have Bessie.

She was a little scrap of a woman, something under five feet tall; something round about forty in age, Sara guessed, though they never discussed anything so tactless. Her versatility was even more remarkable than her efficiency, for she could function as cook, housekeeper, lady's-maid, and at a pinch secretary. For Sara, she did it all with the greatest good-humour.

Sara lay back now in her wine-coloured velvet housecoat, against the soft, white leather of her chair, and looked round the room. It was a pretty room, light and feminine, and yet cosy, with cream paint and flowered curtains and a couple of good water-colours on the walls. The bowls and vases were full of fresh flowers, a pile of magazines lay on the table, and the fire glowed restfully.

I've got so much to make me happy, Sara thought, letting her mind flick backwards over the lean years when she had so little. And yet, unconsciously, she sighed. Perhaps this happy state of mind wasn't the worst blow that Andy had dealt her. Perhaps the thing that mattered most was that since he had touched her life and left it again, so much of the savour of living seemed to have gone with him. The things which had once given her so much pleasure seemed to matter so little now.

The door-bell whirled, and hearing Greg's voice in the hall, she sat up with a warm sensation of pleasure.

"Greg!" she exclaimed, rising, welcome in voice and eyes. "This is nice! And you're just in time for tea."

"Ah," said Greg cheerfully, "that's judgment, not luck, my girl! I know what Bessie's tone is like. I've brought you a present." He had one hand in the pocket of his overcoat. "Shut your eyes and hold out your hands—both of them!"

Myfistled, Sara obeyed. There was a little squeak and a snuffle; she felt the two ends of Greg's hand on her own, and then something warm and soft and alive was in her arms.

"Oh, Greg!" she said, opening her eyes. "What a baby lamb!"

It was as a matter of fact, a Pekinese puppy. Snowy white, utterly self-possessed, delightfully arrogant.

"They tell me," Greg said, "that her name is Ching Ling, meaning Clear Bright."

After a very limited acquaintance I should say that Sheer Devilment would be better, but I don't know how it goes in Chinese."

"The sweetie!" cried Sara rapturously, dropping into her chair again and setting the puppy on her knee. "I've always wanted a dog so much, but I thought I oughtn't to have one in a flat. Oh, Greg, how sweet of you!"

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